

EVENTS OF INTEREST  
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

## WOMAN AND THE HOME

Let the Woman's Page Bespeak the Woman—Let It Be a Help to Those Who Desire Help; a Comforter to Those Who Need Comforting, and Above  
all—Let It Be a Friend to Every WomanDOMESTIC HELPS AND  
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

We observed the young lady across the way that an ordinary dish of stewed prunes contains 491 calories and she said wasn't it terrible the way they administered everything nowadays.

Style and Price. Style denotes character and price should denote value. Character in furniture represents good taste. No amount of price cutting will overcome poor quality or poor appearance. Furniture is a thing you have to live with and saving of price alone may mean an eternal dissatisfaction to you. Character in furniture must be begun at the factory and it is important that a purchaser, not being familiar with but few if any reliable manufacturers, in buying should consider a firm he has always known and has the ability to substantiate its guarantee. Such a house is Nothing's. Furthermore, a generally popular store received a larger volume of trade and as a result can buy merchandise cheaper and sell it cheaper than its competitors. A store's popularity can be directly traced to giving the greatest amount of satisfaction both as to quality and price. Again we say, "Such a house is Nothing's." A visit to this store is worth your while.—Adv.

Fire Commissioner Adamson of New York announced the appointment of a special board to work out a scheme for giving recognition for meritorious service to members of the department.

**HORLICK'S**  
The Original  
MALTED MILK  
Unless you say "HORLICK'S"  
you may get a substitute.

Easy & Practical  
Home Dress Making  
Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper  
by Pictorial Review

## A NEAT AND PRACTICAL WORK APRON.



Both economical and smart is this work apron for ladies and misses. In

percale, gingham or lawn it is exceedingly neat.

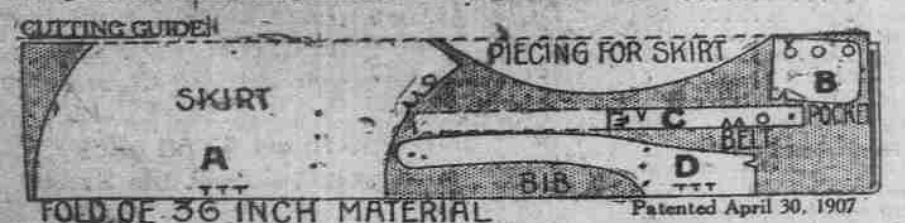
How to look attractive though playing maid-of-all-work is a problem that is largely solved by this attractive work-apron-for-ladies and misses. It is suitable to development in percale, gingham or any of the materials used for the purpose, 2 1/2 yards being sufficient for medium size. It made with out straps on the bib 2 1/2 yards will be sufficient.

Attractive lines are given to the apron by the curved sides and rounded front. Personal taste dictates the neck finish, which may be either round or square. The straps across the back, though they may be omitted if preferred. The apron is exceedingly dainty made of sheer white lawn, edged with lace or finished with a hemstitching.

If 36-inch material is used, and nearly all of the fabrics which would be employed for the purpose are that wide, the various sections of the pattern may be placed on a lengthwise fold of the goods. First comes the skirt, which will have to be placed. The pleating, therefore, is arranged along the opposite edge of the material. If the bib is used it should be laid on a lengthwise fold of the goods, with the belt on a lengthwise thread—and pocket opposite. It is very easy to make the apron. First, line the belt and sew to upper edge of skirt sections. Sew the bib to the upper edge of belt, notches and center-front even. Cross the straps in back and fasten on belt with button and buttonholes. Loops of braid may take the place of buttonholes if preferred.

Find the center of the pocket by large "O" perforations, turn in hem at upper edge and adjust on the apron, the upper edge along cross-line of small "O" perforations.

Colored embroidery with an introduction of black here and there would be effective as a trimming on this apron. Or white embroidery on a colored background would be smart. All-white is, of course, always appropriate.



Pictorial Review Apron. Inches waist. Price, 10 cents.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

Modest, But Chic,  
Is the Girlish Frock  
of Goldenrod Taffeta.

## FARMING ONE-PIECE GOWN

The one piece gown is exceedingly popular notwithstanding the vogue of the coat and skirt. The gown shown is of softest goldenrod taffeta. The skirt is pleated in knife plaits to give the fashionable fullness. The blouse is cut with a tight kimono sleeve and a tiny vest of the material, fastened with tiny black buttons. The blouse and skirt are joined together by a belt of the material, stitched and closed by material buckles. The color of the frock is taupe, which shades on violet.

## TODAY'S POEM

## FREEDOM

Here in the forest now,  
As on that old July  
When first our fathers took the vow,  
The bluebird, stained with earth and  
sky.

Shouts from a blowing bough  
In green aerial freedom, wild and  
high—  
And now, as then, the bobolink,  
Out on the uncertain brink  
Of the swaying alder, swings.  
Loosing his song out, link by golden  
link;  
While over the wood his proclamation  
rings:  
A daring boast that would unkingdom  
king!

Even so the wild birds on boughs and  
wall  
That day the Bell of Independence  
Hall  
Thundered around the world the  
word of Man.  
That day when Liberty began  
And mighty hordes were out on land  
and sea.  
But Freedom calls her conscripts now  
as then.

It is an endless battle to be free.  
As the old dangers lessen from the  
skies  
New dangers rise;  
Down the long centuries eternally,  
Again, again, will rise Thermopylae—  
Again, again, a new Leonidas  
Must hold for God the imperilled  
Pass.

As the long ages run  
New Lexington will rise on Lexington;  
And many a Warren fall  
Upon the imperilled wall.

Man is the conscript of an endless  
quest,  
A long divine adventure without  
rest.

A holy war, a battle yet unwon  
When he shall climb beyond the  
burnt-out sun.  
Each hard-earned freedom withers  
to a bond;  
Freedom forever is beyond—beyond!  
—Edwin Markham in "Shoes of  
Happiness and Other Poems."

## CORNER FOR COOKS

**Rhubarb Preserve**  
When the rhubarb is old peel it. Then cut in slices and weigh. Place it in a porcelain-lined preserving kettle over the fire, where it will heat gradually until the juice flows freely. Do not add any water. Then place over the fire, where it will come to boiling point, and let it simmer gently for an hour. Take out half the juice and place where it will keep warm. Add to the fruit half a pound of sugar to each pound of rhubarb.

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON  
HEART TOPICS

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WHY HOMELY WOMEN ARE  
SOUGHT FOR WIVES

"Let my voice thrill out beneath, and above  
The whole world through:  
O my love and life, O my life and my  
Thank God for you!"

There are women who cry out bitterly to heaven that life is sure to go awry with them because they are born plain of face. They will even tell you love fights shy of them, for it is beauty which catches men's eyes, holds them captive, and warms their hearts.

The bitterest combats men ever engaged in were fought over a fair woman's favor. They have been powers behind the throne. The plain woman has not been sung of in song, or praised in story, and has had a hard struggle to hold her own—the heart pledged to her to have and to hold while life lasted. If a beautiful, unscrupulous woman sought to wrest her prize from her, and the heart she owing to was of the stretchable kind.

While all of this reasoning holds more than a grain of truth, homely women are apt to look over a few facts which should be of much service in building hope in their breasts. Most men do admire women of striking beauty; they are pleased to escort them hither and thither, flattered at the admiration they create and the envy they engender in the hearts of other men. But when it comes to looking about for a wife, ten men out of a dozen will not offer either their heart or hand to the royal beauties, but will search out plain women to propose marriage to.

The beautiful woman might make quite as good a wife, but such men will argue she could not bring them the peace of mind that the plain woman would insure them. The man who enjoyed the sensation the beautiful, exquisitely gowned woman created whom he took to a theatre or a fashionable restaurant would soon become annoyed if men turned to stare at the woman he had wedded—boldly, impudently.

The average man wants a wife whose light will shine for him alone. In wedlock he must have heart ease, peace of mind, the feeling that no one else is craving the sweet, modest violet he has gathered, and to whom he, and he only, is sun god for all time to come. What greater happiness, comfort and supreme satisfaction than for a man to know that he is the first and only one who has kindled love's beautiful flames in one noble, honest, woman's bosom? That this one woman loves him as she will never love any other man, and will be faithful to him to her latest breath? In youth, middle age, and old age he will be her anchor, her guiding star, through good or through ill.

With close companionship, wedded life, the husband who has wedded a woman for her sweet womanliness, her genial nature and her purity will, in time, see so much beauty in her which has escaped other eyes that he will never cease thanking heaven for giving him the treasure he discovered and will shield her all the more carefully, loyally and lovingly from the world's sneers and pitfalls.

Put one teaspoonful of cloves and two teaspoonfuls of broken stick cinnamon in a piece of muslin and add to the milk. Let it stand in a jar, most as thick as jam. As it thickens reduce with a little of the warm juice until all is used, and then when you have a little of the warm jars and seal one. If you like your preserves very sweet, use three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

**Early Cabbage With Sour Sauce**  
Early cabbage is delicious prepared in the following manner. After stripping off the tough leaves, cut in medium-sized pieces, and after washing well in cold water, cook until tender in hot salted water. Drain in a colander and before serving pour over it the following sauce. Take a tablespoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of butter, and beat over the fire, adding milk to make a smooth sauce. When thick and smooth, add a beaten egg, stirring all the time. Then put in a liberal seasoning of salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of malt or tarragon vinegar. Lastly stir in enough paprika to make it a delectable pink. Pour this over the cabbage before it goes to the table.

**Steamed Chicken**  
Wipe very dry after cleaning. Rub one teaspoonful of salt and pepper to taste and two tablespoonfuls of butter in to the cavity of the body. Fill with oysters seasoned with a saltspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper and one of celery salt. Tie the legs and wings close to the body and place in as small a dish as will hold it, set in a steamer and steam four hours. Meantime cook a pint of chopped celery and a pint of white sauce with the liquor of the oysters, add the celery to it and pour over the fowl on the platter. Garnish with curly parsley.

Others find it best to call your  
**DUCHESSE**  
The coffee par excellence  
Van Dyck  
1135 MAIN ST.  
COR. ELM ST.  
PHONE 1367-6

Farmer Want Ads. One Cent a Word.

There are men who would not wed a lovely woman for all the gold the world might hold. Only a plain woman—she who is even homely of face, could win him for a husband. It is well balanced that the men who adore beauty should win the hearts of the beautiful maid, and those who appreciate the great heart that accompanies lack of it should find favor with plain women. If women could only realize how marriageable men seek homely wives they would surely take heart of grace.

MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES  
TO YOUR LETTERS

Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, not to print. Use ink. Write short letters, on one side of paper only. Address Miss Libbey, 916 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## A LOVER HARD TO WIN

Dear Miss Libbey:—  
I am twenty-one, have a gentleman friend who lives in another city. We correspond every week. He visits us once a month calls to my home to see me and my folks. My parents welcome him; ask him back. He thinks a good bit of me; I do of him. Why do my friends say he has no real love for me or he would come to see me often; make more over me in their presence? One lady friend is married; her son is spiteful toward my beau. Is jealousy? Is it proper for my beau to act mushy just to suit the people? Such acting I despise. P. M.

He seems to care for you and show you as often as he can spare the time, and corresponds regularly. That is the test to go by. It is out of place and few men will show courting proprieties in others' presence. It is not the time nor place to show attention to one another, as you wisely write. It is not gentlemanly to act mushy, which you have a right to dislike. You will both be happy yet.

## AS LONG AS HE DON'T CARE

Dear Miss Libbey:—  
I am a young girl of sixteen. I got acquainted with a young man seven years older than myself, almost one year ago. He says he loves me. Sometimes I am a little doubtful. He does not live in the same town I do. I have seen him once since first we met. He seemed very pleased. I would like to have him come and see me, but my parents object. A girl has teased him about another boy I went with. He said he didn't care, if he was first, as long as he didn't keep regular company with him. Please advise if he loves me.

Perhaps he is of the age that is apt to be foolish. Living in a different town, he may think it no harm to go about with different girls. He can tell best whether he loves you. There's plenty of time to find that out. As long as he don't care, you should have others escort you around.

Your Personal  
Appearance

Can be either your greatest advantage or the strongest kind of a disadvantage.

Verily our personal appearance, casting a shadow by which other folks' ideas of us are formed, is truly one of our most important assets. Does YOUR shadow really reflect your true personality? Is it a reflection by which you wish the people you meet to form their ideas of you?

No need to pay big prices to gain a personal and gratifying pride in your appearance. You will find in this store a very wide variety of the sort of clothes that every well dressed woman and Miss will like to wear.

Our prices are not high—Only the quality of our goods is 'way up. Prices are 'way down low.

It will pay you to look over our stock before selecting that new Suit, Coat or Dress.

## "SPECIAL SUIT AND COAT SALE"

**Rockwell & Co.**  
1108 MAIN STREET  
BRIDGEPORT

ADVERTISE IN THE FARMER.

## A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

BY GEORGE BARR  
M'CUTCHEON.

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## Continued.

And so it came to pass that I took myself off that evening for Hot Springs, secure in the thought that Poopendyke would attend to my literary estate far more capably than I could do it myself and that my labors later on would be pleasantly devoted to the lazy task of editing, revising and deleting a tale already told.

If you are lucky enough to obtain rooms in the Homestead looking out over the golf course, with the wonderful November colorings in the hills and gaps beyond; over the casino, the tennis courts and the lower levels of the fashionable playground, you may well say to yourself that all the world is bright and sweet and full of hope. From my windows I could see far down the historic valley in the direction of Warm Springs, a hazy blue panorama wrapped in the air of an Indian summer and redolent with the incense of autumn.

Britton reminded me that it was a grand morning for golf, and I was at once reminded that Britton is an excellent chap, whose opinions are always worth considering. So I started for the links, stopping first at the office of the hotel on my way out, ostensibly to complain about the absence of window screens, but in reality to glance over the register in quest of certain signatures.

A brisk, oldish little man came up beside me and rather testily inquired why there were no matches in his room; also why the hot water was cold so much longer than usual that morning. He was not much of a man to look at, but I could not fail to note the obsequious manner in which the two clerks behind the desk looked at him. You couldn't possibly have discovered anything in their manner to remind you of hotel clerks you may have come to know in your travels. A half dozen boxes of matches were passed out to him in the twinkling of an eye, and I shudder to think what might have happened if there had been a hot water faucet handy, they were so eager to please.

"Mr. Brewster gone out yet?" demanded this important guest, pocketing all of the matches. I could see at once that he was a very rich man. "Did he leave any message for me?" He didn't. He was to let me know whether he could play golf with—oh, playing with Logan, eh? Well, of all the—He knows I will not play with Logan. See if Mr. Scott is in his room. Tell him I'd like to take him on for eighteen holes this morning."

He crossed to the news counter and glanced over the papers while a dusky bellboy shot off in quest of Mr. Scott. "They all hate to play with a 'geezer,'" said one of the clerks—a young one, you may be sure—lowering his voice and his eyebrows at the same time. "He's the rottenest player in the world."

"Who is he?" I inquired, mildly interested.

"Jasper Titus" was the reply. "The real old Japsie himself."

Before I could recover from my surprise the object of my curiosity stepped to the desk, his watch in his hand.

"Well, what does he say?" he demanded.

"The boy isn't back yet, Mr. Titus," said one of the clerks, involuntarily pounding the call bell in his nervousness.

"Lazy, shiftless niggers, the whole tribe of them," was Mr. Titus' caustic comment.

At that instant the boy, quite out of breath, came thumping down the stairs.

"Mr. Scott's got rheumatism, Mr. Titus. He begs to be excused."

"Buncombe!" snapped Mr. Titus. "He's afraid to play me. Well, this means no game for me. A beautiful day like this and—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Titus," said I, stepping forward. "If you don't mind taking on a stranger I will be happy to go around with you. My name is Smart. I think you must have heard of me through the countess and your—"

"Great Scott! Smart? Are—are you the author James Byron Smart, the man who?" He checked himself suddenly, but seized me by the hand and as he wrung it vigorously dragged me out of hearing of the men behind the desk.

"I am John Bellamy Smart," said I, a little mollified.

His shrewd, hard old face underwent a marvelous change. The crustiness left it as if by magic. His countenance radiated joy.

spelled, and she's got a temper, although, upon my soul, she seems different nowadays. There is a change in her, by George!"

"She's had her lesson," said I. "Besides I didn't find she had a bad temper."

"And, say, I want to tell you something else before I forget it. I fully appreciate your views on international marriage. Allie told me everything you had to say about it. You must have rubbed it in. But I think it did her good. She'll never marry another foreigner if I can help it. If she never marries. Well, well, I am glad to see you and to shake your hand. I—I wish I could really tell you how I feel toward you, my boy, but I—I don't seem to have the power to express myself. If I—"

I tried to convince him that the pleasure had been all mine and then inquired for Mrs. Titus and the countess. "They're both here, but the good Lord only knows where. Mrs. Titus goes driving every morning. Roads are fine if you can stick to them. Allie said something last night about riding over to Passifern this forenoon with Amberdale and young Skelly. Let's see, it's half past 10. Yes, they've gone by this time. Why didn't you write or telegraph Allie? She'll be as mad as a wet hen when she finds you've come without 'letting her know.'"

"I thought I should like to take her by surprise," I mumbled uncomfortably. "And my son Jasper—why, he will explode when he hears you're here. He's gone over to Covington to see a girl at on the train for Louisville. You've never seen such a boy. He is always going to Covington with some girl to see that she gets the right train home. But why are we wasting time here when we might be doing a few holes before lunch? I'll take you on. Of course, you understand I'm a wretched player, but I've got one virtue: I never talk about my game and I never tell funny stories while my opponent is addressing the ball. I'm an old duffer at the game, but I've got more sense than most duffers."

We sauntered down to the club house, where he insisted on buying me a dozen golf balls and engaging a caddy for me by the week. Up to the moment we stopped up to the first tee he talked incessantly of Allie and Rosemary, but the instant the game was on he settled into the grim reserve that characterizes the man who takes any enterprise seriously he it work or play.

I shall not discuss our game further than to say that he played in atrocious style, but with a purpose that let me to some degree into the secret of his success in life. If I do say it myself I am a fairly good player. I don't believe I was ever in better humor than on this gay November morn. I even apologized for Mr. Titus' execrable footloose. I amiably suggested that he was a little off his game and that he'd soon strike his gait and give me a sound beating after the turn. His smile was polite, but ironic, and it was not long before I realized that he knew his own game too well to be affected by cajolery. He just pegged away, always playing the odd or worse, uncompromising, unrelenting, as even by any chance winning a hole from me. He was the racket "duffer" I had ever been my good fortune to meet.

(Continued.)

Have Color in Your  
Cheeks

## Be Better Looking—Take Olive Tablets.

If your skin is yellow—complexion pallid—tongue coated—appetite poor—you have a bad taste in your mouth—a lazy, no good feeling—you should take Olive Tablets.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel—were prepared by Dr. Edwards after 17 years of study, with his patients.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil—yet have no dangerous after effects. They start the bile and overcome constipation. That's why millions of boxes are sold annually at 10c and 25c per box. At all druggists.

Take one or two nights' and note the pleasing results. The Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, O.—Adv.

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND  
JOHN RECK & SON